

### THE HOME FESTIVAL.

The circle of the months once more  
Rounds out the swiftly flying year;  
The summer revels all are o'er—  
The day of retrospect is here.

Not now spring's jocund spirit rings  
Its jubilant notes to earth and sky;  
Her nameless, sweet, enchanting things  
Burst forth to please and pass us by.

Midsummer, with its pomp and flame,  
The pageantry of leaves and flowers,  
Are now as some remembered name  
Close interlinked with happy hours.

The gaudy wreaths October brought,  
That beckoned us when summer fled,  
To-day are withered, pale and naught,  
And where they flamed death reigns in  
stead.

But not in vain the seasons run  
With various charms their annual round;  
The harvests that we sought are won,  
And gifts to match our needs are found.

If, on the sore November plain,  
The sun casts down a dimmer ray,  
Deep joy—not sorrow—fills the strain  
With which we greet Thanksgiving Day.

—Joel Benton.

### Phylida's Pumpkin Pie.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Well, what is it?"

That was one of the things the girls detested about their aunt. She always took it for granted their visits were made for a special reason and with a particular motive, and these she demanded in much the same fashion as a highwayman demands money.

"Thursday," replies Miss Millburn, "will be Thanksgiving Day, and—"

"I know that!" snapped Mrs. Benjamin.

"And we thought—we hoped," hurried on Adele, "that you would come and dine with us on that day."

"You did?"

"Yes, aunt."

She was the least nervous of women, this tall, dark, stately young lady, but she grew a trifle uncomfortable under the gimletting scrutiny of Mrs. Benjamin's little black eyes.

"What," queried that terrible old lady, after a deliberate pause, "are you going to have for dinner?"

The question rather dazed Miss Millburn.

"I—I don't know exactly. Phylida always sees to the meals. I suppose whatever is right."

"Right!" disgustedly. "Was it right when I dined with you last Christmas, and you had turkey and lemon pie for dinner, when you should have had roast goose, and spiced beef, and plum-pudding? I dare say, you'll have some on Thanksgiving!"

This with the most scathing sarcasm.

"Oh, no!" convincingly. "Turkey. One Phylida raised herself."

"And cranberry sauce?"

Adele nodded emphatically.

"And—a—real—good, old-fashioned—pumpkin pie?"

"Yes," rashly and positively.

Phylida hadn't said anything about the pie, but her sister had no doubt one would be forthcoming.

"If I thought that pie would be extra good," audibly cogitated the old lady. Adele bristled loyally.

"Phylida's pies are always good," she asserted, with some stiffness.

"Well, yes," grudgingly assented Mrs. Benjamin. "You may tell the girls I'll go."



SHE WAS PLUMP AND PEACH-CHEEKED.

"Oh!" groaned Adele, when she had taken her departure, and was walking swiftly along the road which led to the dilapidated old house called Holly Hill Lodge, where she dwelt with her sisters—"oh, if we only weren't poor, and Aunt Martha so rich! Such a condescension as she makes of a visit! And we have to scrape and save for a month to have a decent dinner the day she comes. Then, if we don't ask her to dinner every festival, she goes around moaning about the ingratitude and neglect with which she is treated by her brother's children. And the minister comes to give us some paternal advice about being kind to a poor, lonely, loveless old woman. Phew! If I were a man, I'd swear!"

Reaching the mansion, which boasted an air of distinction as pronounced as Adele's own, despite its very evident need of paint and repair, Adele promptly retailed to her sisters the result of her distasteful mission.

"But you were heroic!" commented Rosalie, with a sigh.

Rosalie was a miniature edition of Adele, olive-skinned, dusk-haired, delicate featured.

"Refresh yourself on these!" advised Phylida, extending her a bag of fruit tablets.

A rather shabby room this in which the girls sat, but one betraying the fact that its habitues were people of refinement.

"Oh, Phil," said Miss Millburn, popping a strawberry square into her pretty mouth, "she asked me if we'd have pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving Day. I told her yes. But you didn't say anything about it. Shall we?"

"I think so," responded Phylida, rather doubtfully.



WITH GUN IN HAND AND DOG AT HEELS.

She was quite unlike her sisters, this little housekeeper of the family. She was plump and peach-cheeked, with violet eyes, reddish-brown hair, and "A mouth like a baby's, dewy red."

"You see it is this way, girls," she explained. "Old Mr. Miller promised to give me a fine pumpkin for my Thanksgiving pies, but last week a stranger bought out and took possession of the Miller farm. Whether he will let me have the pumpkin or not remains to be seen."

"Get one somewhere else if he's disagreeable," counseled Rosalie, vaguely.

Rosalie was the artist of the family. Just now she was painting a bunch of withered mignonette, and expending on it a good deal of chrome yellow, burnt sienna, and zealous devotion.

"That is easily said," cried Phylida, who, epitome of meekness and sweetness though she was, could not resist shooting her adviser a scornful glance.

"But nowhere—nowhere are such pumpkins as Miller's raised! At least there are not any others as good in this part of the world. His have the regular lemon flavor."

"Get one of those, then," said Rosalie, dreamily, changing her advice and her brush with equal dexterity.

"I wish," said Phylida to herself that very afternoon, as, with the surah ties of her blue zephyr hood bowed under her dimpled chin, and her worn out sealskin jacket—a relic of maternal prosperity—buttoned over her brave little body, she made her way against a bleak north wind toward the Miller farm—"I wish the girls would take a tiny bit more interest in the managing and the bills, if a trifle less in their music and painting. But then they are talented, and I am not. And whatever is, is best."

With which axiom of questionable veracity she endeavored to encourage herself.

She walked rapidly. Her cheeks were rose-red, her eyes like sapphires, when she reached the gate leading into the Miller grounds.

Swiftly she passed on toward the gabled, red-roofed house.

As she turned a curve of the avenue, she became aware of another presence. In the path just ahead of her, gun in hand and dog at heels, a gentleman was stalking.

He looked back; he stood still; took off his hat.

Their glances met. Not like Mr. Miller—not in the least like Mr. Miller. That individual had been small and swart and gray-haired. This gentleman was very tall, very straight-limbed, very, very handsome, and young. With a positive sinking of her heart Phylida noted that.

Young! She had never dreamed of the new proprietor of the Miller farm as young. It would be harder to ask a favor of him than it would be if he were old and ugly—yes, and cranky—or so she fancied.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said as she approached him, "but Mr. Miller promised—promised—"

What under the heavens had Mr. Miller promised! There was something in the gleam of those brown and brilliant eyes that routed memory.

"Yes," kindly.

"He promised me— You are the new owner of the farm?"

He smiled.

"Fortunately, yes."

Was he laughing at her! She felt the crimson creeping from chin to brow.

"Well, Mr. Miller promised me a pumpkin."

"There—it was said!"

"He did? Then you assuredly shall have one. Where—to whom shall I send it?"

For three years had Phylida obtained from Mr. Miller her Thanksgiving pumpkin. Never had he offered to send it home for her. She had always chosen the smallest one she could find, and then had paid Billy Betts to carry it to Holly Hill Lodge for her. This menial duty the young gentleman in question performed annually with much cheerfulness for the sum of five cents.

"My name is Phylida Millburn. I live at Holly Hill Lodge."

"Oh!" with a comprehensive lifting of thick, dark brows. "Wait a moment, please."

He shouldered his way off through the crackling shrubbery. In a few minutes he returned, balancing on his shoulder a huge globe of gold—one assuredly large enough to have formed Cinderella's coach.

"That," cried Phylida, in dismay, "must weigh thirty pounds, if it weighs an ounce. We couldn't use that in a year."

But he was walking with leisurely deliberation toward Holly Hill, and she was obliged to turn and keep up with him.

"You've no idea," he said, coolly, "what an appetite I have for pumpkin pie, and this doesn't weigh quite thirty pounds."

What did he mean? She actually gasped. With a quizzical expression his eyes met hers.

"Surely you mean to ask me to dinner Thursday," he said.

To dinner! The affront of the suggestion almost took away her breath. He was presuming on the fact that she had requested a favor. And she had been mistaking him for a gentleman!

"Indeed you ought," pursued that most audacious of young men; "if not for the sacred sake of neighborliness, then because of our parents. Your father and my father were fast friends long ago. My name is Bertram Bradley."

Bertram Bradley! and how good old George Bradley and been to her own easy-going and improvident father!

"I did not know," looking up with kindling eyes, "that you were his son. Of course you will come!"

And on Thanksgiving Day come he did.

"If only Aunt Martha will be civil to him!" the girls had murmured, forebodingly, to each other.

kin pie," she said. "And, indeed, a girl who can make such a one deserves good luck. And I'll wager George Bradley's boy will make a fine husband!"

And perhaps on the principle that it never rains but it pours, Phylida, on the Thanksgiving after her marriage, woke up to find herself wealthy in her own right.

For Mrs. Benjamin had died, leaving her valuable property "to Phylida Bradley, who knew how to make a good pumpkin pie."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Bradley, lifting a sweet face where smiles and tears were struggling for supremacy, "it seems shameful to plan the spending so soon, but now Adele can go to Milan to perfect her music, and Rosalie shall study art in Paris, as she has always longed to do."

"And you?" queried her husband, laughing.

"Oh," with a gay and positive nod, "I'm happy!"

And—unless appearances are extraordinarily deceptive—she is.—Kate M. Cleary.

**Cheap Labor in Madagascar.**

In Madagascar mining is carried on in a primitive way, says a proprietor of a mining machinery factory. The natives are not much better than slaves in point of pay and treatment. I wanted to sell a mining drill to the superintendent of a mine one day. When I explained to him the amount of labor the drill saved and told him the price of it he laughed at me. "Why, I can get a whole gang of men to work a lifetime for me for that money!" he exclaimed. I thought he was exaggerating things in his statement, but when I looked into the system of mining there I found he was not far from the truth. The men in those Madagascar mines work twelve and fourteen hours a day and only receive from six to ten cents per day for that hard labor. At a mine one day I saw 100 men come out and refuse to work on the ground that the mine was in a dangerous condition. The superintendent had been paying the men ten cents a day. He told the men that if they would go back and work in the dangerous mine he would raise their wages two cents on the day. About fifty of the men went back into the mine and that same day the mine collapsed and eighteen of the poor fellows were crushed and smothered to death. I never sold a mining drill in Madagascar—labor at ten cents a day would knock out the sales of any labor-saving machinery.—Chicago Herald.

**New Teeth for All.**

A Russian dentist claims to have discovered a new method of supplying people with artificial teeth, which in the course of time become as good as natural teeth. He first experimented upon dogs, and then upon his private customers, and in all cases the results were identical and successful. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, according to the pleasure of the patient. The root of the false tooth has holes bored into it, and then holes bored into the jaw and the tooth to be inserted. In a short time tender growths start in the cavity of the false teeth, and this growth hardening the teeth become fixed in their positions. They can also be fitted to the roots of natural teeth that have been cut off short with the gums. There are some inconsistencies in the descriptions given by the dentist and it may be that the whole result will prove as false as his newly made teeth. Further details and experiments are needed before the practice can be made popular in this country.

**Best Guns for Hunters.**

Edward W. Sandys, in Run and Gun department of *Outing*, says: "I would advise no man to use a gun larger than a ten gauge, and honestly believe that it would be better were the 'shoulder cannons,' such as four gauges, not manufactured, and the same also might be said of repeating magazine shotguns. The ordinary sizes, ten and twelve, are already too deadly in practiced hands for the welfare of our diminishing supply of game. Neither is it good sport to take too great advantage of opportunities. Two barrels and a killing powder, say as far as sixty yards, should be enough to satisfy an honest sportsman."

**A Thanksgiving Dialogue.**

"Watch me gobble," remarked the fat Thanksgiving turkey cock, as he strutted by the small boy.

"That's all right," replied the small boy; "but wait till next Thursday, and feel me gobble."

**HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.**

**CLEANING WHITE MARBLE.**

A useful recipe for the cleaning of white marble is: Two parts of carbonate of soda, one part of levigated pumice, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; mix and pass through a sieve; make a thin paste of this and rub it well over the marble. After allowing it to stand awhile wash it off with soap and water.—*Courier-Journal*.

**A USE FOR BENZINE.**

A connoisseur in laces writes: "Never wash old lace and fine lace; nothing could excuse such an act of sacrilege. Benzine is the thing to effect the cleaning, and this will neither harm nor discolor the fabric; and if there be an antique yellow hue, richly prized by its owner, it will not depart therefrom by the use of benzine.

"Should you wish to whiten your lace, cover a board with white linen or muslin, sew the lace on, wet with soap-suds (not too strong) quite frequently, and expose to the sun. A couple of days of this treatment will render it or any like fabric white as the driven snow. A still better way, though taking more time to accomplish, is to put the lace upon the board in the same manner, place where it will catch each morning's dew, then lay it in the sun till quite dry. A week of this treatment will suffice:

"To clean your cobweb of lace, put it in a primitive way, says a proprietor of a mining machinery factory. The natives are not much better than slaves in point of pay and treatment. I wanted to sell a mining drill to the superintendent of a mine one day. When I explained to him the amount of labor the drill saved and told him the price of it he laughed at me. "Why, I can get a whole gang of men to work a lifetime for me for that money!" he exclaimed. I thought he was exaggerating things in his statement, but when I looked into the system of mining there I found he was not far from the truth. The men in those Madagascar mines work twelve and fourteen hours a day and only receive from six to ten cents per day for that hard labor. At a mine one day I saw 100 men come out and refuse to work on the ground that the mine was in a dangerous condition. The superintendent had been paying the men ten cents a day. He told the men that if they would go back and work in the dangerous mine he would raise their wages two cents on the day. About fifty of the men went back into the mine and that same day the mine collapsed and eighteen of the poor fellows were crushed and smothered to death. I never sold a mining drill in Madagascar—labor at ten cents a day would knock out the sales of any labor-saving machinery.—Chicago Herald.

**INEXPENSIVE AND ACCURATE RECIPES.**

The recipes given below are simple, inexpensive and accurate. They will themselves give proof of their palatableness:

**Poached Eggs With Gravy**—Six eggs, six slices of buttered toast from which the crust has been trimmed, laid in a hot platter or chafing dish. Break the eggs into a saucepan of boiling water, carefully, that they may not scatter, and avoid putting in enough at once to crowd one another. Cook until the whites are not only perfectly set but until the yolks have acquired a custard like consistency. Take them out with a skimmer and lay one upon each slice of toast. Have ready heated a cupful of highly seasoned broth—veal or chicken is preferable, although beef may be used—to which has been added about a dozen chopped mushrooms; thicken slightly and pour over the eggs. Serve very hot.

**Poached Eggs With Tomato Sauce**—Cook eggs and prepare toast as directed above. Heat a cupful of tomato liquor, strained from a can (you can use the tomatoes for something else), and thicken it with a teaspoonful of butter, rubbed smooth with a small tablespoonful of flour. Stir the sauce until it is thick and smooth, and pour it over the eggs after you have laid them in the dish. This is very good.

**Savory Eggs**—Six eggs, half cupful of finely chopped sausage or ham. If the latter be used, mix with it a pinch of dry mustard and enough minced parsley and sweet herbs to flavor it well; half cupful of milk. Break the whites of four of the eggs and the yolks of all into a bowl, beat hard for two minutes with an egg beater, add the milk and three-fourths of the minced meat; pour into a buttered pudding dish, and heap on top the whites of two eggs whipped stiff and mixed with the reserved mince. Bake covered for ten minutes in a steady oven; uncover and brown. Serve immediately.

**Crumbed Eggs**—Cut six hard-boiled eggs into slices, dip into melted butter, then into fine cracker crumbs, and fry in good dripping. Spread triangles of fried bread with anchovy paste, lay them on a hot platter, and arrange the egg on these. Pour over all a cupful of drawn butter in which a raw egg has been stirred.

**Bacon and Sweet Potatoes**—Fry a dozen thin slices of breakfast bacon. Transfer them to a hot dish, and lay in the dripping from which you have just taken them half a dozen medium-sized sweet potatoes cut into rather thick slices. Brown them slightly, and serve them heaped in the middle of the dish with the bacon laid around them.

**Mince with Egg**—Mince any kind of cold meat, season with pepper and salt and add a few bread crumbs. Cover the bottom of scollop shells or small saucers with the meat, putting in each a bit of butter; break a fresh egg on top of each and set in a hot oven; when the egg begins to cook sprinkle a little cracker powder on it and a dust of salt. Serve hot.

**Cream Codfish**—One pound fresh cod, one cup mashed potato, one cup milk, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful flour; salt and pepper to taste. Boil the cod the day before it is to be used. A piece near the tail is solid, and is better for your purpose than a thin slice. Flake it with a fork and add the mashed potato to it. Make a white sauce by cooking the butter and flour together until it thickens and then stir in the milk. Cook until smooth, and then pour it over the fish and potato; season to taste; leave on the fire until it is heated through and serve. Cold, boiled or baked fish of any sort can be warmed over in this way.

**French Creamed Fish**—Proceed as directed above but omit the potatoes and turn the fish and white sauce into scallop shells or a shallow baking dish; sprinkle the top with crumbs, put a bit of butter here and there and brown in the oven. Canned salmon is very good prepared in this fashion. Salt cod, well freshened, can be cooked by either of the recipes last given.

To show the growth made in the industry of furnishing kindling wood, a single factory in Pennsylvania turns out 5,000,000 bundles per month.

**Partially Petrified.**

Last Friday, George Yeater, of Sedalia, superintendent removing the remains of Mrs. Archie Cox to Clinton. She was buried on her husband's farm in Benton County, near Quincy, thirty-three years ago. The coffin was in pretty good condition, also the silk dress in which the deceased was buried. The strange thing about the remains was that about one-half of the body was turned to stone and the balance left a skeleton.—*Warren (Mo.) Enterprise*.

**Not a Local Disease**

Because Catarrh affects your head, it is not therefore a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood, it could not manifest itself in your nose. The blood now in your brain is before you finish reading this article, back in your heart again and soon distributed to your liver, stomach, kidneys, and so on. Whatever impurities the blood does not carry away, cause what we call diseases. Therefore, when you have

**Catarrh**

a snuff or other inhalant can at most give only temporary relief. The only way to effect a cure is to attack the disease in the blood, by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eliminates all impurities and thus permanently cures Catarrh. The success of

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**"German Syrup"**

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."

PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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